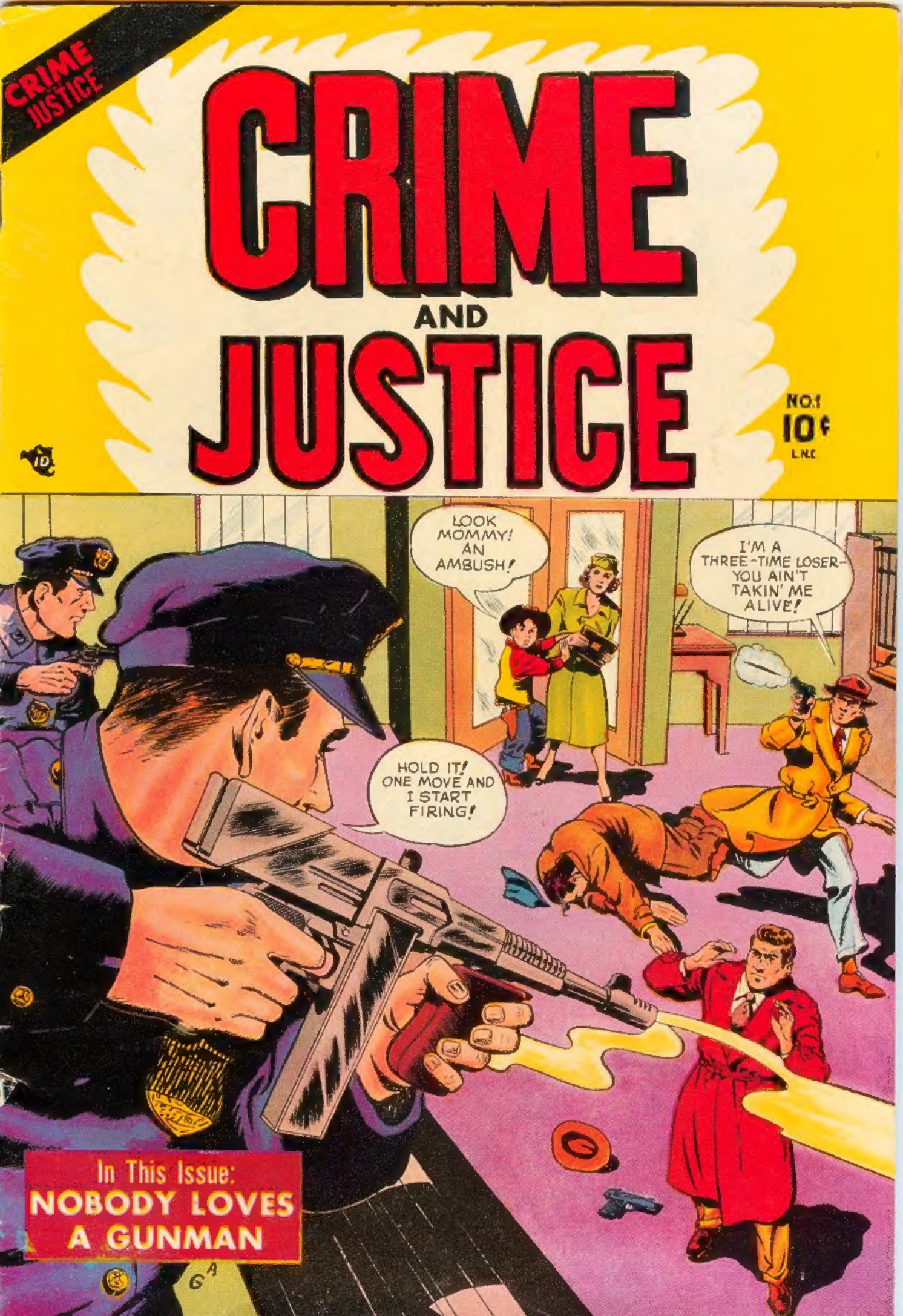
CRIME JUSTICE
CRIME AND JUSTICE
NO.1
10¢
LOOK MOMMY! AN AMBUSH!
I'M A THREE-TIME LOSER- YOU AIN'T TAKIN' ME ALIVE!
HOLD IT! ONE MOVE AND I START FIRING!
In This Issue:
NOBODY LOVES A GUNMAN

# How to Be An Amateur DETECTIVE

by KEN BRICKLEY

IT IS NATURAL FOR EVERYONE AT TIMES TO WISH TO COMMIT **MURDER!** THE REASON IS BECAUSE WE ALL HAVE INHERITED PRIMITIVE IMPULSES OF DESTRUCTION. HOWEVER, MOST OF US HAVE CIVILIZED MORAL JUDGMENT WHICH RESTRAINS US FROM SUCH DRASTIC ACTION.

MRS. FLORENCE ABRAHAMS, A LONDON BUS CONDUCTOR, SAW THREE MEN CROWD ANOTHER MAN TRYING TO GET OFF THE BUS. THEN THE THREE MEN CHANGED THEIR MINDS ABOUT GETTING OFF. BEFORE THE BUS STARTED, THE MAN THAT GOT OFF CALLED OUT THAT HE LOST HIS WALLET. MRS. ABRAHAMS QUICKLY BLOCKED THE DOOR AND SENT THE DRIVER FOR THE POLICE. WHY DID SHE SUSPECT THIS WAS ROBBERY?

INSPECTOR STRUB WAS CALLED TO INVESTIGATE A SUICIDE. UPON EXAMINING THE BODY, HE DISCOVERED A BULLET LODGED IN THE HEAD AND BESIDE THE HEAD HE FOUND A TOUPEE WITHOUT A BULLET HOLE IN IT. TWO MEN WHO WERE STANDING BY SAID THEY SAW THE VICTIM QUICKLY DRAW A GUN AND SHOOT HIMSELF. THE INSPECTOR IMMEDIATELY PLACED THE TWO MEN UNDER ARREST ON SUSPICION ON MURDER. WHAT CLUE TIPPED OFF THE INSPECTOR?

**ANSWER**—SHE KNEW THAT THE THREE MEN WHO CROWDED THE PASSENGER IN THE DOORWAY COULD HAVE TAKEN THE WALLET. WHEN THE POLICE SEARCHED THE SUSPECTS THEY FOUND THE WALLET.

**ANSWER**—THE VICTIM HAD ONE BULLET LODGED IN HIS HEAD, BUT HIS TOUPEE HAD NO HOLE IN IT. THIS CLUE TOLD THE INSPECTOR THAT THE VICTIM HAD BEEN ATTACKED BY THE TWO MEN AND HIS TOUPEE WAS KNOCKED OFF, THEN HE WAS SHOT.

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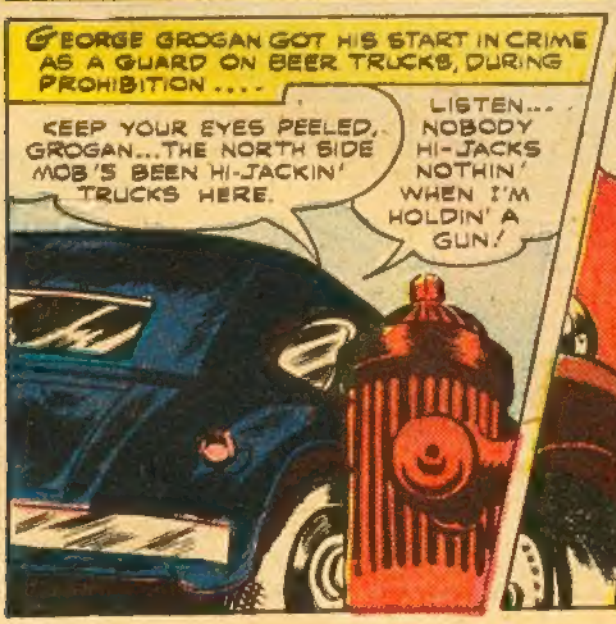
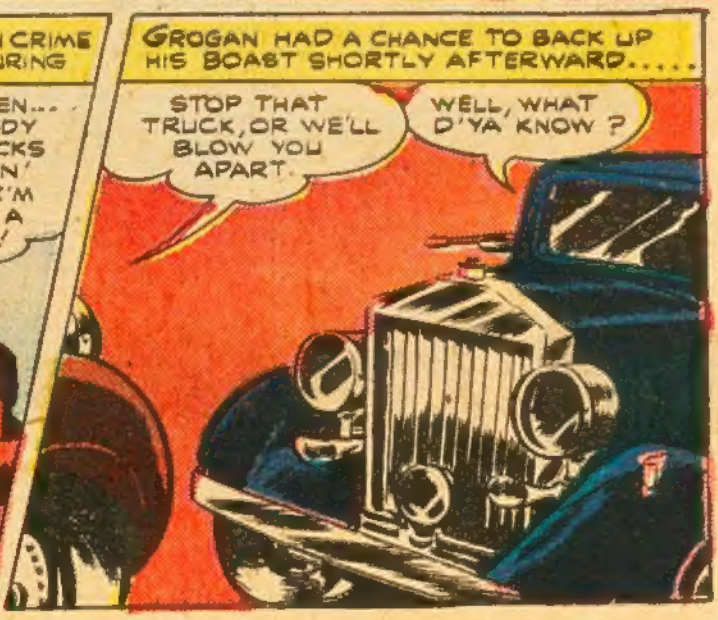
# MACHINE GUN

## GEORGE GROGAN

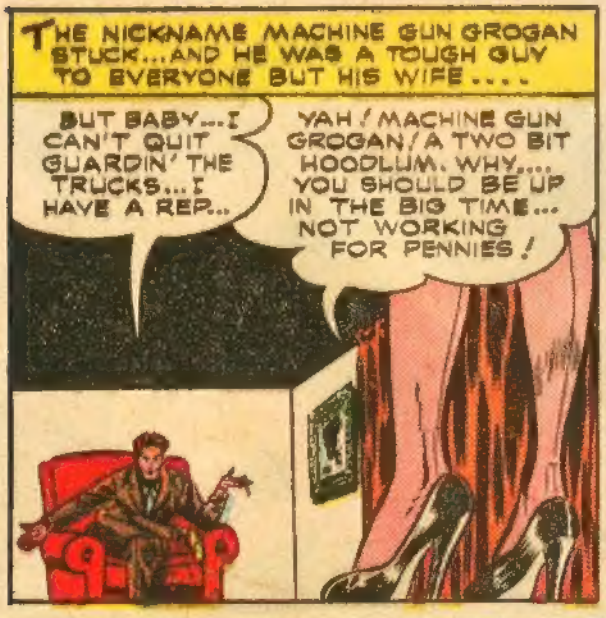
COME ON, MR. BLAIR... WE WANT YOU!
ME? WHAT FOR? WHAT IS THIS?
OOOH!
KIDNAPPING IS A DIRTY GAME...AND THOSE WHO PLAY IT DESERVE THEIR PUNISHMENT/"MACHINE GUN" GEORGE GROGAN AND HIS WIFE THOUGHT THEY COULD GET AWAY WITH IT... BUT THEY LEARNED THE HARD WAY... THAT.....
THE WAGES OF CRIME IS...
DEATH!


GEORGE GROGAN GOT HIS START IN CRIME AS A GUARD ON BEER TRUCKS, DURING PROHIBITION....
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, GROGAN...THE NORTH SIDE MOB'S BEEN HI-JACKIN' TRUCKS HERE.
LISTEN... NOBODY HI-JACKS NOTHIN' WHEN I'M HOLDIN' A GUN!



COME AN' GET IT, BOYS!
YIPES! HE HAS A CHOPPER!

CHEEZ, GROGAN.... YOU SURE CAN USE THAT CHOPPER... CHEEZ, THEY OUGHTA CALL YOU MACHINE GUN GROGAN!
MACHINE GUN GROGAN... THAT'S ME!


THE NICKNAME MACHINE GUN GROGAN STUCK... AND HE WAS A TOUGH GUY TO EVERYONE BUT HIS WIFE....
BUT BABY... I CAN'T QUIT GUARDIN' THE TRUCKS... I HAVE A REP..
YAH! MACHINE GUN GROGAN! A TWO BIT HOODLUM. WHY,... YOU SHOULD BE UP IN THE BIG TIME... NOT WORKING FOR PENNIES!

YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF THE BEER RACKET... INTO SOMETHING BIG... OR I'LL KNOW THE REASON WHY!
BUT, BABY... I... OKAY... DON'T YELL. I'LL SPEAK TO AL BATES. HE JUST GOT OUT OF STIR. AL IS AN IMPORTANT BANK ROBBER.

AIN'T IT FUNNY, GEORGE... I WAS MEANIN' TO FIND YOU. I CAN USE YOU!

WE'LL GO IN FOR REAL DOUGH, WITH YOU HOLDIN' THE GUN AND ME PLANNIN' THEM... WE'LL BE UP THERE IN NO TIME. BUT WE NEED A HIDE-OUT!

WE GOT ONE! MY WIFE'S FARM. IT'S A NATURAL.
OKAY... THEN WE'RE ALL SET.
2

THE NEW COMBINATION STRUCK AGAIN AND AGAIN, AND EARLY IN 1934, HAD COMPLETED A RECORD NUMBER OF SUCCESSFUL ROBBERIES . . . . .
DON'T ANYBODY MOVE.
KEEP 'EM COVERED, BOY... I'LL GRAB THE DOUGH.

THEIR TECHNIQUE WAS ALWAYS THE SAME . . .
I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU ALL WITH THAT BURST. NOW STAND STILL OR THE NEXT TIME I'LL SHOOT HIGHER.
LET'S GO, BOY.

AFTER EACH JOB THEY RETURNED TO THE FARMHOUSE . . . . .
WHERE DO WE PULL THE NEXT JOB, AL ?
AIN'T FIGURED IT YET.
THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY NEXT JOB.

BUT... WHY? WE'RE DOIN' SWELL
WHAT'S THE IDEA, BABY? WHY DO YOU TALK THAT WAY? ME AN' AL ARE IN THE BIG TIME NOW!

BIG TIME! BIG TIME! WHY YOU'RE TWO PUNKS, THAT'S ALL. ANY HICK COP COULD RUB YOU OUT WITH A COUPLE OF LUCKY SHOTS!
OKAY... I SUPPOSE YOU'RE JUST LOADED WITH IDEAS ?

YOU BET I AM. I KNOW A WAY TO PULL ONE JOB... AND MAYBE TWO HUNDRED GRAND ON IT!
3

OH YEAH? DOIN' WHAT, ROBBIN' THE MINT AT FORT KNOX?
NO, WISE GUY! A SNATCH! A KIDNAP! GRAB A RICH GUY AN' MAKE HIM PAY!
BUT BABY... THAT'S TROUBLE. YOU'LL HAVE THE G-MEN DOWN ON US!

YELLOW! BOTH OF YOU! YELLOW! YELLOW!! JUST A COUPLE OF CHEAP HOODS!
BABY... STOP!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING SENSE. I KNEW YOU WOULD. SO I HAVE A JOB ALL LINED UP AND CASED DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL.
GEE, BABY.... YOU'RE TERRIFIC.

THE JOB MRS. GROGAN HAD LINED UP BROUGHT THE TRIO TO OKLAHOMA CITY....
PHEW! WHAT A JOINT!
THAT'S WHERE BLAIR LIVES. HE'S ONE OF THE RICHEST GUYS IN THIS TOWN! DO YOU GET THE SET-UP?
YEP.

THE PAIR WAITED FOR WEEKS UNTIL AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT ARRIVED... AND THEN IN JULY, 1934.....
HERE'S OUR CHANCE, AL. LISTEN.... "MR. AND MRS CHARLES BLAIR ARE HOLDING A CARD PARTY AT THEIR HOME TOMORROW EVENING.... BLAH, BLAH, BLAH."

HERE WE GO, AL!
YEP THIS IS THE BIGGEST JOB WE EVER PULLED.

DO YOU HAVE AN INVITATION, SIR... OH!
HERE'S MY INVITE. NOW LISTEN, YOU DO AS WE SAY, OR I'LL BLOW YOUR INSIDES OUT!
MARCH INTO THE BIG ROOM WITH US, JEEVES...AND DON'T TRY NOTHIN'!
OKAY, AL. I'M READY NOW.
WHAT IS IT, BENSON?
TWO..UH... GENTLEMEN... UH. MR. BLAIR...
YEAH...WE GOT IMPORTANT THINGS TO TALK ABOUT, BLAIR.
YOU'RE COMING WITH US, BLAIR.
WHAAAT? THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!
EITHER YOU COME QUIETLY, OR I'LL LET HER HAVE IT!
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. I'M COMING.
DON'T MOVE TOWARD HER. I'LL KILL THE FIRST ONE WHO MOVES!
AN' WE'RE NOT FOOLIN'. LET'S GO, BOY!
OHHH!
5

AFTER A LONG, HARD RIDE FROM OKLAHOMA CITY, BATES AND GROGAN ARRIVED AT THE EL PASO FARM WITH THEIR VICTIM....
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE. THE FIVE O'CLOCK PLANE JUST PASSED. THE WHOLE DAY IS SHOT.
LISTEN... WE COULDN'T HELP IT. WE HAD TO KEEP TO THE SECONDARY ROADS ALL THE WAY.

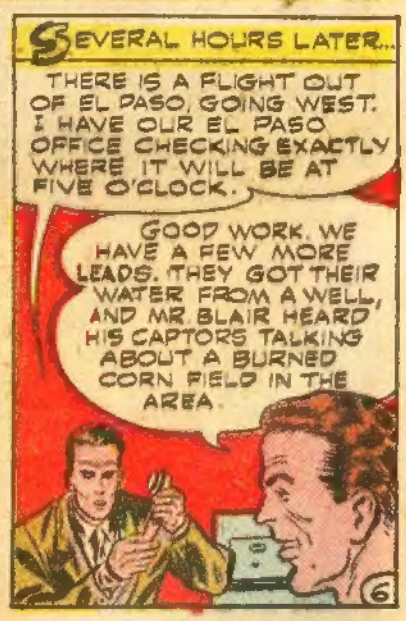
WHILE NEGOTIATIONS WENT ON FOR HIS RELEASE, BLAIR SPENT NINE FULL DAYS BLINDFOLDED...BUT ALERT...
THERE GOES THE PLANE. IT'S HEADING WESTWARD. I CAN FEEL THE SUN ON MY FACE, AND I KNOW IT'S LATE AFTERNOON. THE PLANE'S HEADING TOWARD THE SUN. I CAN TELL BY THE SOUND..

FINALLY, ON THE NINTH DAY....
IT'S HERE! I GOT IT! THEY LEFT THE DOUGH LIKE WE PLANNED!! TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS!
YIPPEE! WE'RE RICH!
I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU! YOU HAVE TO THINK BIG AND ACT BIG!

OKAY, MR. BLAIR. WE'LL PLAY BALL WITH YOU. WE'RE TAKING YOU TO A HIGHWAY... AND WE'LL LET YOU GO.
YOU AIN'T A BAD GUY, BLAIR. WE GOT NOTHIN' AGAINST YOU.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AFTER HIS RELEASE, BLAIR ARRIVED SAFELY HOME AND THE FBI WAS CALLED IN....
IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN REMEMBER TO HELP US FIND THESE PEOPLE, MR. BLAIR?

YES. ONE THING. EVERY DAY AT FIVE O'CLOCK A PLANE FLEW DIRECTLY OVERHEAD, FLYING WEST.
JACKSON, CHECK EVERY AIRLINE. FIND OUT WHICH ONE HAS A FIVE O'CLOCK FLIGHT HEADING WEST.


SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
THERE IS A FLIGHT OUT OF EL PASO, GOING WEST. I HAVE OUR EL PASO OFFICE CHECKING EXACTLY WHERE IT WILL BE AT FIVE O'CLOCK.
GOOD WORK. WE HAVE A FEW MORE LEADS. THEY GOT THEIR WATER FROM A WELL, AND MR. BLAIR HEARD HIS CAPTORS TALKING ABOUT A BURNED CORN FIELD IN THE AREA.

BACK AT THE FARMHOUSE....
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO SCRAM....
WE'RE OKAY HERE. WE'LL WAIT UNTIL THE HEAT'S OFF A LITTLE..AND THEN PUSH.
THE DAYS PASSED AND THE TEMPERS OF THE THREE KIDNAPPERS GREW SHORTER....
I WANT MY DOUGH! GIVE ME MY SPLIT! I WANT OUT. THIS DUMP IS GETTIN' ON MY NERVES!
YOU AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE.
CUT IT OUT, YOU TWO!
HE'S TRYIN' TO WELSH!
NOBODY CALLS ME A WELCHER. I'LL KILL HIM....
NOBODY IS KILLING ANYBODY. WE'RE SITTING TIGHT, AND THAT'S FINAL. THE COPS AND G-MEN DON'T HAVE A SINGLE LEAD.
BUT MRS. GROGAN WAS WRONG.... FOR EVEN AT THAT MOMENT.....
THE AIRLINE SAID THAT THE PLANE WOULD BE PASSING CLOSE TO THIS SPOT AT FIVE O'CLOCK.
LOOK! THERE'S THE CORN FIELD... AND THE HOUSE BEYOND IT!
7

THE AGENTS PREPARED TO CLOSE IN...
JACKSON, TAKE TWO MEN, AND GET AROUND THE REAR OF THE HOUSE.
OKAY. LET'S GO, BOYS!

I SEE TWO MEN AND A WOMAN ON THE PORCH. ONE OF THE MEN IS AL BATES. THE OTHER IS MACHINE GUN GROGAN.
OKAY... WE'LL WAIT UNTIL DUSK.

YOU IN THE HOUSE! WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! THIS IS THE FBI TALKING!

THE TRAPPED TRIO PUT UP RESISTANCE.....
BLAST 'EM, GEORGE! BLAST 'EM!
OKAY!

BUT IT ENDED QUICKLY....
THROW UP YOUR HANDS!
DON'T SHOOT, G-MEN! WE SURRENDER!

BATES, GROGAN AND HIS WIFE WERE SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR THE KIDNAPPING OF CHARLES BLAIR...
THE WAGES OF CRIME IS...DEATH!!!

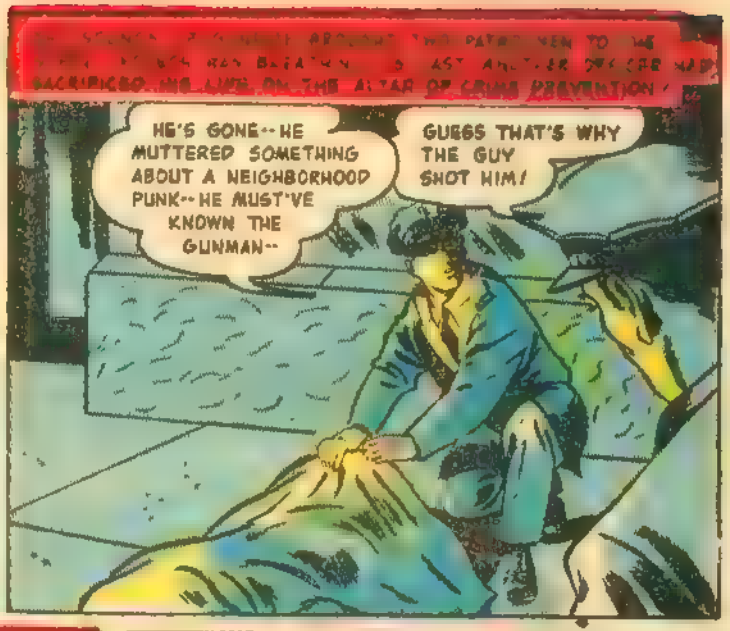
# NOBODY TRUSTS A GUNMAN!!

CUT RATE DRUGS SODA
TONI'S
LOANS
JEWE
EVERYONE HAS HEARD ABOUT "THE PERFECT CRIME"--THAT'S A CRIME IN WHICH THE CRIMINAL GETS AWAY SCOT-FREE AND IS NEVER CAUGHT! THERE ARE FEW, IF ANY, OF THESE CASES. BUT HERE IS A TRUE STORY OF A CRIME THAT ALMOST WAS IN THAT CATEGORY--BUT FOR THE COURAGE OF A ROOKIE COP THIS MURDER MIGHT STILL BE UNSOLVED!

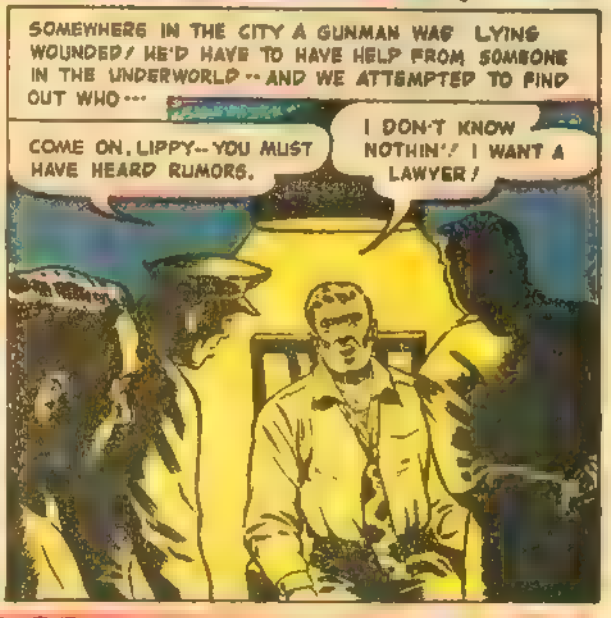
WELL, THIS IS HOW IT ALL BE GAN-- DETECTIVE HAL RONSON OF THE LOFT SQUAD WAS ON A LATE TOUR OF DUTY ONE NIGHT WHEN THE SOUND OF GLASS BREAKING RANG THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS!

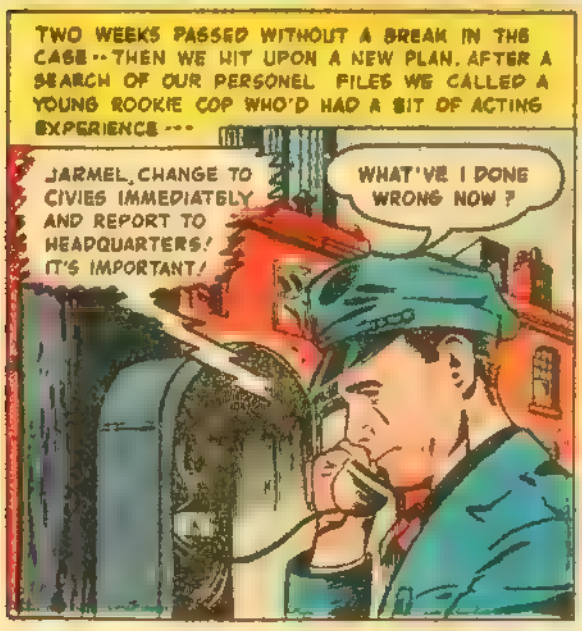
UPON ARRIVING AT THE SCENE HE MUST HAVE CAUGHT THE CROOK IN THE PROCESS OF ENTERING THE SHOP-- APPARENTLY WHEN HE CHALLENGED THE BANDIT HIS ANSWER WAS A ROAR OF GUNFIRE--
COME OUT OF THERE! YOU-RE UNDER ARREST!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, COPPER!
CRACK!

ALTHOUGH MORTALLY WOUNDED, RONSON RETURNED THE FIRE-- HIS AIM WAS TRUE FOR WE FOUND A TRAIL OF BLOOD ALONG THE GUN-MAN'S ESCAPE ROUTE /


HE'S GONE-- HE MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT A NEIGHBORHOOD PUNK-- HE MUST'VE KNOWN THE GUNMAN--
GUESS THAT'S WHY THE GUY SHOT HIM!

THE ENTIRE CITY WAS AROUSED BY THIS CALLOUS SLAUGHTER / EVERY HANGOUT OF HOODLUMS WAS RAIDED THE UNDERWORLD KNEW THE HEAT WOULD BEAR ON UNTIL THE MURDERER WAS CAUGHT /
LET'S GO BOYS!
WHAT AGAIN / YOU GUYS ARE DRIVIN' ME NUTS /


SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY A GUNMAN WAS LYING WOUNDED / HE'D HAVE TO HAVE HELP FROM SOMEONE IN THE UNDERWORLD -- AND WE ATTEMPTED TO FIND OUT WHO ---
COME ON, LIPPY-- YOU MUST HAVE HEARD RUMORS.
I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'! I WANT A LAWYER!


TWO WEEKS PASSED WITHOUT A BREAK IN THE CASE -- THEN WE HIT UPON A NEW PLAN. AFTER A SEARCH OF OUR PERSONEL FILES WE CALLED A YOUNG ROOKIE COP WHO'D HAD A BIT OF ACTING EXPERIENCE ---
JARMEL, CHANGE TO CIVIES IMMEDIATELY AND REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS! IT'S IMPORTANT!
WHAT'VE I DONE WRONG NOW ?

AFTER A FEW QUESTIONS WE WERE SURE JARMEL WAS
YOUR JOB WILL BE TO BECOME AN UNDERCOVER MAN IN THE UNDERWORLD / YOU'LL PRETEND TO BE A TOUGH THUG WHO'S WANTED IN OTHER CITIES / CAN YOU DO IT ?
I CAN TRY, SIR!

RONSON SAID THE GUNMAN WAS A NEIGHBORHOOD HOODLUM. YOU'LL CONCENTRATE IN THE AREA OF HAL'S BEAT!
I GET IT! I TRY TO PICK UP WHAT INFORMATION I CAN ON THE MURDERER!
MORE THAN THAT--YOU'LL TRY TO JOIN THE GANG IN THAT AREA! WE WANT TO ROUND UP THE WHOLE BUNCH ONCE AND FOR ALL!
I HOPE IT WORKS, CHIEF! I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT KILLER AND WHOEVER'S HIDING HIM!
SO JARMEL BEGAN VISITING THE TAVERNS AND POOL HALLS IN THE DESIGNATED AREA. IT WAS A HARD PART OF TOWN TO MAKE FRIENDS IN -- THEN ONE DAY---
SAY, PAL, CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK?
WHAT ARE YOU, JOHNNY--A COP?
I INVITE YOU TO DRINK AN' YOU CALL ME NAMES!
NOBODY CALLS ME A COPPER!
HEY! CUT IT OR I'LL--
YOU'LL DO NOTHING OR YOU'LL LAND ON A MORGUE SLAB, TOUGH BOY!
HEY! PUT THAT ROD AWAY! DO YOU WANTA GET PINCHED? THIS JOINT IS HOT!
HE'D OFFERED THE BAIT AND THEY'D RISEN FOR IT--
HE WAS ON HIS WAY!
SORRY, GUESS I LOST MY TEMPER. IF YOU CAN BREAK THIS HUNDRED, SET UP THE HOUSE! AN' GIVE THESE GUYS TWENTY BUCKS EACH!
SURE! TONI DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN' BY WHAT HE SAID, MAC!
3

WELL, HE'D MADE A START. AS TIME PASSED HE LET IT BE KNOWN THAT HE HAD SERVED TIME FOR ARMED ROBBERY. ONE NIGHT WHEN THE BAR WAS CROWDED HE MADE IT CLEAR THAT HIS MONEY HAD RUN OUT--

CAN I CHARGE A COUPLE, PHIL? I'M FLAT BROKE--BUT I'LL HAVE ANOTHER ROLL IN A FEW DAYS!

NEVER MIND BARKEEP, I'LL BUY!

THANKS, PAL! GUESS I'VE BEEN BLOWIN' THE GREEN STUFF TOO FAST!

GLAD TO HELP! I HEARD YOU SAY YOU'VE DONE TIME--I'VE DONE A BIT MYSELF!

YEAH I WAS A SUCKER! NEXT TIME I WON'T GET CAUGHT-- AND NEXT IS SOON!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE-- I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

THIS WAS IT! JARMEL HAD TO WAIT FOR HIS NEW FRIEND TO MAKE A PHONE CALL--THEN THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY--

BLACKIE, THIS IS JARMEL THE GUY I TOLD YOU ABOUT-- HE'S *OKAY!*

HI YA, BLACKIE!

HELLO, JARMEL! COME ON IN!

BLACKIE WINCED AS HE AND JARMEL SHOOK HANDS-- SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH HIS SHOULDER JARMEL WAS SURE IT WAS A BULLET WOUND! JARMEL WAS ALSO SURE BLACKIE WAS HIS MAN!

HOW DO WE KNOW WE CAN TRUST THIS GUY, SOAPY?

HOW DO I KNOW I CAN TRUST *YOU!?*

HEY! YOU'RE BOTH OKAY GUYS! I KNOW. I CAN JUDGE CHARACTER!

SOAPY SAID YOU WERE LOOKING FOR WORK. EVER HANDLE A CAR ON A JOB?

I ALWAYS WENT WITH A GUN--BUT I CAN DRIVE A CAR--AN I NEED TH DOUGH!

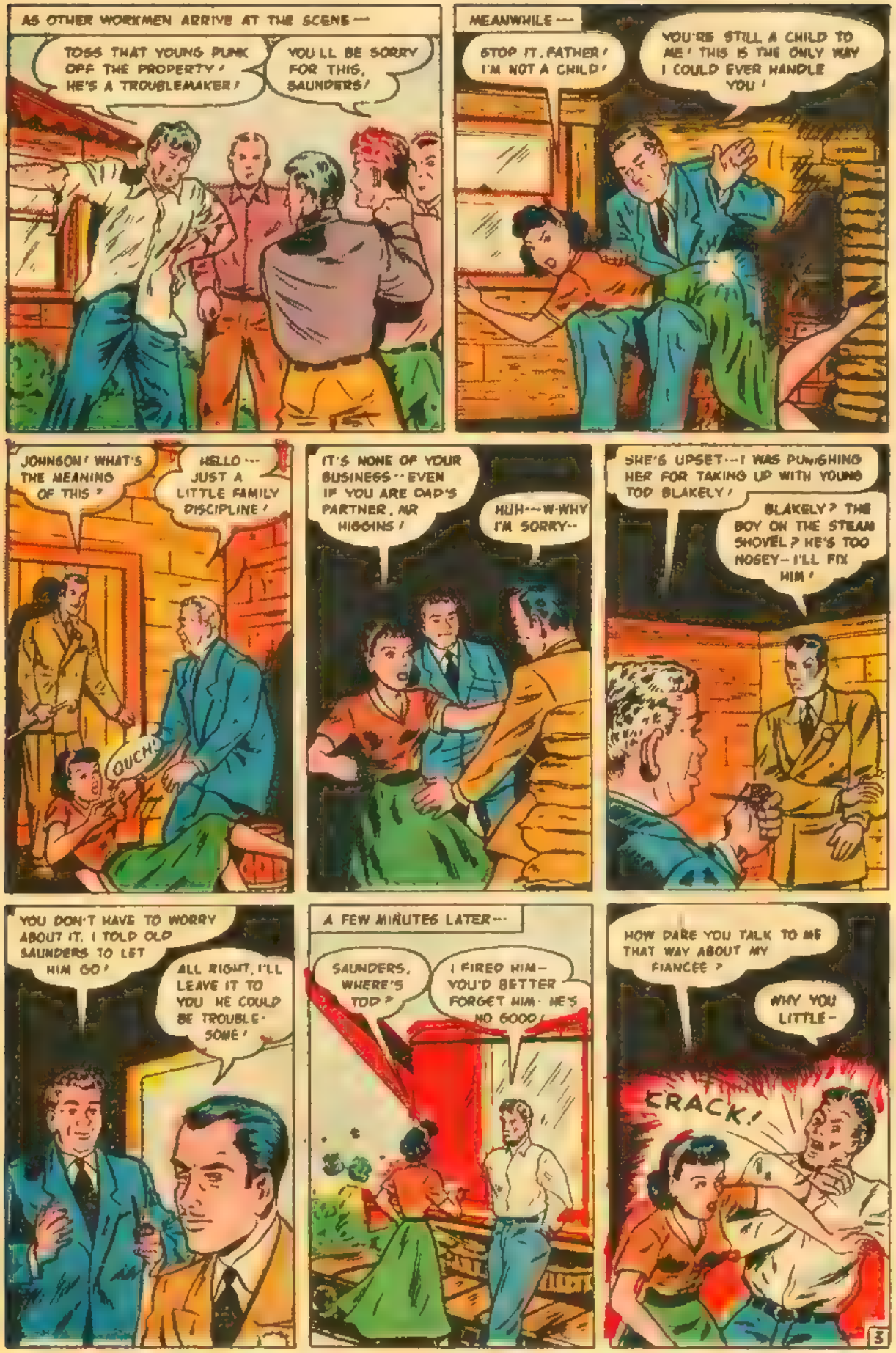
THEN YOU RE IN!

THE JOB WAS SCHEDULED FOR THE NEXT DAY THEY MET IN THE MORNING TO RECEIVE THEIR INSTRUCTIONS ··
JARMEL, YOU AND SOAPY COVER OUR ESCAPE FROM THE CAR!
I'VE GOT TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HEADQUARTERS! THEY'VE GOT TO STOP THIS ROBBERY!
THE "CAPER" WAS TO BE THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK!
WELL LET'S GO! YOU AND SOAPY GO PICK UP THE CAR!
AND YOU'D BETTER BE ABLE TO DRIVE GOOD!
THE GET-AWAY CAR WAS GARAGED A FEW BLOCKS AWAY··
IF THIS HEIST GOES RIGHT, WE'LL BE IN THE CHIPS TONIGHT!
THAT WON'T MAKE ME SAD! SAY, I'VE GOT TO GET SOME CIGARETTES!
OFF!
JARMEL CALLED US FROM A LOCAL DRUG STORE··BUT SOAPY HAD BECOME SUSPICIOUS!
THAT'S IT, CHIEF. I GOTTA GO!
COPPER!
SOAPY TRIED TO GET AWAY BUT A WARNING SHOT HALTED HIM IN HIS TRACKS!
HOLD IT OR I'LL SHOOT TO KILL!
D-DON'T SHOOT, COPPER!
DRUGS
YOU A COP! WHEN BLACKIE FINDS OUT, HE'LL KILL ME! W-WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO DO WITH ME?
WE'RE GOING ON THE JOB JUST LIKE WE PLANNED·· ONE YIP OUT OF YOU AND YOU'RE A DEAD EX-CON!
THEY PICKED UP THE STOOGES AND HEADED FOR THE JOB
WHY SO NERVOUS, SOAPY? I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN OLD TIMER AT THIS!
I-I GUESS I GOT INDIGESTION!
5

THERE'S NOBODY HERE!
SOMETHING'S WRONG! IT'S A TRAP!
BUT THERE WAS SOMEONE THERE — OVER THIRTY POLICEMEN WITH RIOT GUNS —
YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! DROP THOSE GUNS!
COPS! A MILLION OF 'EM!
O-DON'T SHOOT!
AS BLACKIE WAS LED FROM THE BANK HE SPOTTED SOAPY —
YOU CHEAP HEEL! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS IF IT TAKES A MILLION YEARS!
YOU HAVEN'T GOT A MILLION YEARS, COP KILLER!
YOU'RE A THREE TIME LOSER, SOAPY! IF YOU GO UP AGAIN, IT'S TO STAY! MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU — DID BLACKIE KILL THE COP?
SURE, COPPER! AND THE JERK KEPT THE BULLET THEY DUG OUT OF HIS SHOULDER FOR A SOUVENIR!! IT'S IN A DRAWER AT HIS APARTMENT!
AND HE THREW THE GUN INTO A DUMP ON THE EAST SIDE — IT'S IN AN OLD SHOE BOX! I CAN SHOW YOU WHERE!
YOU'LL GET ME OUT O' THIS, WON'T YOU? I'LL GO AWAY — AN' GO STRAIGHT! YOU CAN'T BUCK TH' COPS — I KNOW NOW!
I'LL DO MY BEST SOAPY!
WELL, SOAPY HAD TOLD THE TRUTH — WE LOCATED THE GUN AND THE BULLET! BALLISTIC EXPERTS PROVED THE BULLET HAD BEEN FIRED BY THE DETECTIVE'S GUN — AND BLACKIE'S GUN HAD FIRED THE DEATH BULLET! SO A PROMOTION FOR JARMEL CLOSED OUR CASE!

DIABOLICAL PIPELINE
IN THE OIL COUNTRY OF TEXAS IT'S EASY TO RAISE CAPITAL FROM INVESTORS FOR ANY PROJECT CONNECTED WITH THE FABULOUS "BLACK GOLD!" MANY FORTUNES HAVE BEEN MADE FROM THESE SPECULATIVE VENTURES--BUT SO HAS MUCH MONEY BEEN LOST TO SWINDLERS WHO EXPLOIT THE INVESTOR'S DESIRE TO GET RICH QUICK!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOD? DON'T YOU LIKE THE IDEA OF WORKING FOR DAD AND HIS NEW PARTNER, MR HIGGINS? I THINK IT'S WONDERFUL!
IT IS, ANN! IT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED! NOT AS MUCH AS I'VE WANTED YOU FOR MY WIFE, OF COURSE!
BOOM!!!
BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, ANN--WE JUST DIG IN THE SAME SPOT! DON'T YOU THINK IT'S STRANGE?
IT'S JUST 'TIL THEY RAISE THE MONEY TO GET GOING--A FEW MORE DAYS AND THEY'LL HAVE THE CASH!
THEN WE CAN BE MARRIED LIKE WE PLANNED TO!
ANN!
I'M JUST CRAZY ABOUT YOU, ANN! I'D DIG TO CHINA WITH MY BARE HANDS IF YOU ASKED ME TO!
BLAKELY, GET AWAY FROM MY DAUGHTER!

FATHER PUT ME DOWN! TOD AND I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED! WE'RE ENGAGED!
YOU'RE NOT MARRYING ANY YOUNG ROUSTABOUT! I'LL SEE TO THAT!
I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHO'S THE BOSS AROUND HERE! I GAVE HIM A JOB BECAUSE I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A FRIEND!
BLAKELY, YOU WERE HIRED TO RUN A STEAM SHOVEL—NOT FLIRT WITH THE BOSSES DAUGHTER!
NOW I'LL TAKE OVER—YOU'RE THROUGH! GIT GOING!
BUT ANN AND I ARE IN LOVE! I DO MY WORK AS YOU TELL ME TO!
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? BEAT IT TAKE OFF!
I'LL STAY UNTIL ANN'S FATHER TELLS ME TO GO! HE'S THE MANAGER!
YOU'LL GO NOW IF I HAVE TO THROW YOU OUT!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?
IF THERE'S ANY THROWING AROUND HERE, I'LL DO IT!
HELP!
THE IMPACT OF TOD'S PUSH CARRIES BOTH MEN THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE HUGE SHOVEL
HELP!
2


AS OTHER WORKMEN ARRIVE AT THE SCENE---
TOSS THAT YOUNG PUNK OFF THE PROPERTY! HE'S A TROUBLEMAKER!
YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS, SAUNDERS!
MEANWHILE---
STOP IT, FATHER! I'M NOT A CHILD!
YOU'RE STILL A CHILD TO ME! THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I COULD EVER HANDLE YOU!
JOHNSON! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
HELLO--- JUST A LITTLE FAMILY DISCIPLINE!
OUCH!
IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS--EVEN IF YOU ARE DAD'S PARTNER, MR HIGGINS!
HUH---W-WHY I'M SORRY--
SHE'S UPSET---I WAS PUNISHING HER FOR TAKING UP WITH YOUNG TOD BLAKELY!
BLAKELY? THE BOY ON THE STEAM SHOVEL? HE'S TOO NOSEY--I'LL FIX HIM!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT. I TOLD OLD SAUNDERS TO LET HIM GO!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU HE COULD BE TROUBLE-SOME!
A FEW MINUTES LATER---
SAUNDERS, WHERE'S TOD?
I FIRED HIM--YOU'D BETTER FORGET HIM. HE'S NO GOOD!
HOW DARE YOU TALK TO ME THAT WAY ABOUT MY FIANCEE?
WHY YOU LITTLE--
CRACK!
3

YOU LITTLE SPITFIRE! WHAT DO YOU SEE IN HIM ANYWAY? COME HERE, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
NO! GET AWAY FROM ME! HELP!
SAUNDERS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER OR--
--OR WHAT? YOU WANT TO MAKE TIME WITH HER YOURSELF, YOU CHEAP CROOK!
CROOK?
I HAPPEN TO KNOW HE DON'T EVEN OWN THIS LAND--HE JUST LEASED IT AND SET UP THIS PHONEY PROJECT TO CONVINCE INVESTORS! WHEN THEY PUT UP MONEY, HE'LL LEAVE TOWN! RIGHT HIGGINS?
LIAR!
NOBODY CALLS ME A LIAR! I CAN PROVE WHAT I SAY-- AND I WILL! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PRODUCE THE DEED!
THIS JUST CAN'T BE TRUE!
SAUNDERS, YOU'RE PLAYING TOO ROUGH! GET OFF THIS PROPERTY BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE! GET OUT--YOU'RE FIRED!
HA! YOU CALL THE POLICE? I'M THE ONE WHO'LL CALL THE POLICE!
A FEW SECONDS LATER--
ANN! WAIT, I WANT TO SEE YOU!
NOTHING WE CAN TALK ABOUT!
I HEARD WHAT WENT ON! SO YOU'RE A CROOK-- A SWINDLER! FATHER SHOULD KNOW THIS! I'M GOING TO TELL HIM!
IF YOU MUST KNOW, IT'S YOUR FATHER WHO'S THE CROOK! I WAS TRYING TO COVER HIM UP FOR YOU!
THAT'S A LIE! FATHER WENT INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH YOU BECAUSE YOU PROMISED TO KEEP HIM BUSY! HE'S NOT A THIEF!
LISTEN, YOU LITTLE FOOL, EVERYTHING'S IN HIS NAME! IF THERE'S TROUBLE NOW, HE'LL TAKE THE RAP!
4

THEN, IN THE ENGINEER'S OFFICE··
JOHNSON, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN?
OH, JUST CLEANING IT. I KEEP IT AROUND IN CASE SOMEONE TRIES TO PULL A PAYROLL STICK UP!
MEANWHILE, AT THE TOOL SHACK, SAUNDERS PLANS HIS REVENGE··
WHEN THE AUTHORITIES READ THIS LETTER, THERE'LL BE A NEW FACE IN THE STATE PEN!
SUDDENLY···
NO-- DON'T! AHAAA!
THE POLICE ARE CALLED BY A PASSER-BY WHO HEARD THE SHOT--
IF EVERY BACKFIRE PEOPLE THOUGHT WAS A SHOT, WAS A SHOT, THERE'D BE AN AWFUL LOT OF DEAD PEOPLE!
GOOD HEAVENS!
AS ALL THE SUSPECTS ARE GATHERED TOGETHER···
EVERYBODY'S HERE NOW, CHIEF!
I'M CONVINCED ONE OF THEM IS THE MURDERER!
OFFICE
SERGEANT, YOUNG HIGGINS IS THE KILLER! I HEARD HIM THREATENING SAUNDERS!
NO, IT WAS JOHNSON··· IT WAS HIS GUN THAT FIRED THE SHOT!
NO, MR HIGGINS, YOU ARE THE KILLER! SAUNDERS KNEW YOU WERE OPERATING A SWINDLE!
HOW RIDICULOUS··· I INVESTED IN THE COMPANY MYSELF!
YOU DIDN'T EVEN OWN THE LAND AS YOU'D TOLD MY FATHER!
I CAN PROVE YOU KILLED SAUNDERS, YOU CROOK!
I WAS CLEANING MY GUN WITH GRAPHITE OIL··· I THINK A TEST OF THE OIL IN YOUR SKIN WILL SHOW THERE'S SOME OF THAT OIL ON YOUR HAND RIGHT NOW! IT DOESN'T WASH OFF EASILY!
AND A CHECK OF OWNERSHIP WILL PROVE YOU'RE A SWINDLER!
THE END

# UNCERTAIN OF DEATH

Old Cliff's breathing was shallow, hard. His face in the uncertain lamp light, seemed a yellowish white, strained and wrinkled with the pain that tore his body.

"I . . talked . . too much . . ."

Old Cliff's voice vanished into the hush of the cabin room, and Pat knelt, gripping one of the strong, veined hands. Something had happened. Pat had come here to see Old Cliff, had found him sprawled on the floor, his shoulder bleeding from the gun-shot wound.

"Who did it?" Pat questioned gently, "Cliff, can you hear me? Who did it?"

Again the deathly still of the cabin, with just the sound of the wind toying about the corners of the little log building. Old Cliff's eyes flicked slowly and he was staring unseeingly at the beamed ceiling.

"I . . . couldn't . . . see . . ."

Again stillness. Pat rose. The place was just so as was habitual with Cliff. He hated disordered rooms, was always fussing over things to have them just where he wanted them. . . .

But what had happened? Pat's thoughts shifted. He hadn't seen Clayton this afternoon at the ranch. And Clayton had been hanging around ever since Pat came West to take over the big stock ranch. Clayton had been the boss under Pat's Dad, until the latter died recently. And after Pat arrived, Clayton had been around as often as four or five times a day, to find out if Pat had decided to sell.

It was Old Cliff who had tipped Pat off. "Watch Clayton," Cliff had warned. "He's one bad hombre. If I'd had my way years ago, I'd have run him out of the country. But your Dad said he was okay in his way. Maybe he couldn't see the bad in Clayton; but I'm telling you, son, he wants the ranch and he'll get it one way or the other."

Clayton had proved to be large, morose. He had made his offer in the fewest possible words, and had gone away when Pat claimed he needed time to get things straightened out. He hadn't liked Clayton, but there was evidence to prove the big man knew his stock. His good couldn't be completely ignored.

It was dark outside. Pat swiftly bundled the wounded man up, got him into the station wagon and headed for town. Some thought was in his mind concerning getting Cliff there without being seen. He wasn't aware of it at the time, or any fixed purpose back of the task. And it wasn't until much later, nearly midnight he realized tiredly then, that he cautioned Doc Sutter.

"Try to keep this hushed up," Pat told the kindly man of medicine. "So far it's between the three of us. No one else knows . . . except the actual would-be-killer, of course."

"Any ideas, Pat?"

"None." Clayton flashed before Pat's mind but he compressed his lips against the near-confession. "Whoever did it evidently shot to kill. Maybe he even thinks he succeeded. And maybe it's the one thing that'll help us find out who the criminal is. So for the present, don't make any report to anyone and keep Cliff hidden here!"

Early morning light was spilling across the range land, bright gold upon the brown grass. Pat breakfasted, then checked with Doc Sutter, learning that Cliff's condition was serious, but probably he'd pull through.

About the middle of the morning Clayton showed up, thrusting his big body slowly onto the porch. He nodded briefly to Pat.

"Make up your mind yet?" Clayton asked.

Pat hesitated, feeling his body key up with some unexplained warning within him. He tried to study Clayton's face and voice. There seemed nothing different from the other times he'd been here . . . or was there?

"Still thinking," Pat admitted quietly, "But not decided as yet. It's a money-making proposition—"

Clayton nodded, a flicker of inner thought showing through his heavy-lidded black eyes. "Yeah, but you're not the kind to make a go of it. I mean—"

"Okay," Pat chuckled. "When I'm ready to talk business you'll be the first one".

Clayton disappeared on the spirited roan he rode. When the distance had swallowed him up, Pat turned back into the cool depths of the ranch house. His mind was still twisting and turning . . .

Doc Sutter called that afternoon. What he had to say seemed important, brought Pat's thoughts to a peak.

"Clayton called in this noon time", Doc Sutter said. "Wanted me to stitch a gash in his hand".

"Was he hurt badly?"

Doc Sutter hesitated then said grimly, "Not as badly as I've known Clayton to be hurt, and go without attention".

Later Pat gave it further thought. There had been a hint back of Doc Sutter's words, perhaps a question, or even a warning. What had Clayton been after? Why had he gone to Doc Sutter?

In town that afternoon Pat was satisfied to find that no one knew what had happened to Old Cliff. The only fact that seemed to strike some of Cliff's own cronies, was the fact that the latter had failed to show up the night before, joining the group at the general store.

"Even Clayton seemed interested," Mike Bliss admitted to Pat. "And it ain't like him to worry about anyone but himself. Think maybe somebody ought to ride out an' see if anything's wrong?"

Pat nodded, heart quickening. "I'll go. I want to talk to Cliff anyhow".

So Clayton was worried about the whereabouts of Old Cliff. Why?

It was evening when Pat reached Old Cliff's cabin and let himself inside. There was a tense feeling of expectancy within him, as he lit the lantern.

It was an hour later when Clayton showed up. As he stood just inside the door, Pat was sure he saw something new about Clayton's massive face. Uneasiness, distrust, suspicion . . .

Pat said, "I haven't decided yet".

Clayton's body jerked. His eyes shifted, tried to hold Pat's face, failed and shifted about the cabin again. The sound of his breathing was a sharply defined rasp against the stillness

Clayton's voice was uncertain. "I . . . figured you might have made up your mind . . ."

"How did you know I was here?"

During the silence that followed, Pat moved about the cabin cautiously. Clearly defined now was a sense of danger, a sixth sense that seemed to be warning him. Heeding the feeling, he moved slowly, working deliberately nearer to where Clayton stood.

Clayton cried harshly, "I — I — what in blazes you mean?"

Pat shrugged. "If you'd wanted to talk to me, you'd probably have looked for me at the ranch house. Why come here?"

"I might have seen you start in this direction—"

"Sure you weren't interested in—Cliff? You seemed to be this afternoon." Pat waited, tensed and ready, letting the silence work upon the big man's nerves, seeing the changing look of his face as it became open alarm and suspicion. Pat probed gently, "why the sudden concern over Cliff?"

Instantly, desperately, Clayton rasped, "Wh-where is he? What happened? I ain't seen him —"

"Since the accident last night?"

"You accusing me of shooting him? I didn't do it. I—"

"You seem to know he was shot, Clayton. And nobody but Doc Sutter; myself and Old Cliff knew that. How do you know?"

Clayton's body stiffened. Into his eyes came a crafty gleam of apprehension.

Pat continued, "Sort of war of nerves, Clayton. We kept it hushed up for just that purpose. You shot Old Cliff to stop his talk. You were afraid he might influence me. When you went to Doc Clayton with a cut on your hand today—"

Clayton's snarl of cornered rage was cut short as Pat leaped and struck with the heavy branding iron. And for a moment afterward he stood looking down at the still figure of the man on the floor.

Psychological warfare had outwitted Clayton, and he had broken down under the uncertainty of not knowing what had happened to Old Cliff. If Doc Sutter or the sheriff had openly announced what had occurred, Clayton would probably never have cracked. He'd have been mentally capable of coping with a situation of that sort. But when it had played on his nerves, when the uncertainty of not knowing had gotten into his mind and eaten deeply upon his sluggish thoughts, Clayton had cracked.

Pat picked up a length of rope. He would need a new foreman, and knew he would have to wait only until Old. Cliff had recovered.

*By Justin D. Triem*

MURDER PLAYS
THE BIG SHOW
TONI DARO
AERIAL ARTIST
SANDO
THE STRONG MAN
LENNIE DALE
HEIR TO THE DALE CIRCUS MILLIONS
JOHN WEST -- THE BIG TOP'S AMBITIOUS MANAGER
TINY TOM
THE VENTRILOQUIST
WHEN THE BIG SHOW OPENED, NO ONE KNEW THAT THE STAR FEATURE WOULD BE MURDER! IT TOOK THE MEDICAL EXAMINERS CLEVER WORK TO CATCH THE "STAR PERFORMER" IN THIS DRAMA OF DEATH!
SHE'S WONDERFUL! NO WONDER SHE'S THE CIRCUS STAR. IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HER, WE'D ALL LOSE OUT! SOMETHING HAPPEN TO HER? IT CAN'T! I LOVE HER!
SUDDENLY---
AHHYY! SANDO!
YIIHYY! TONI!

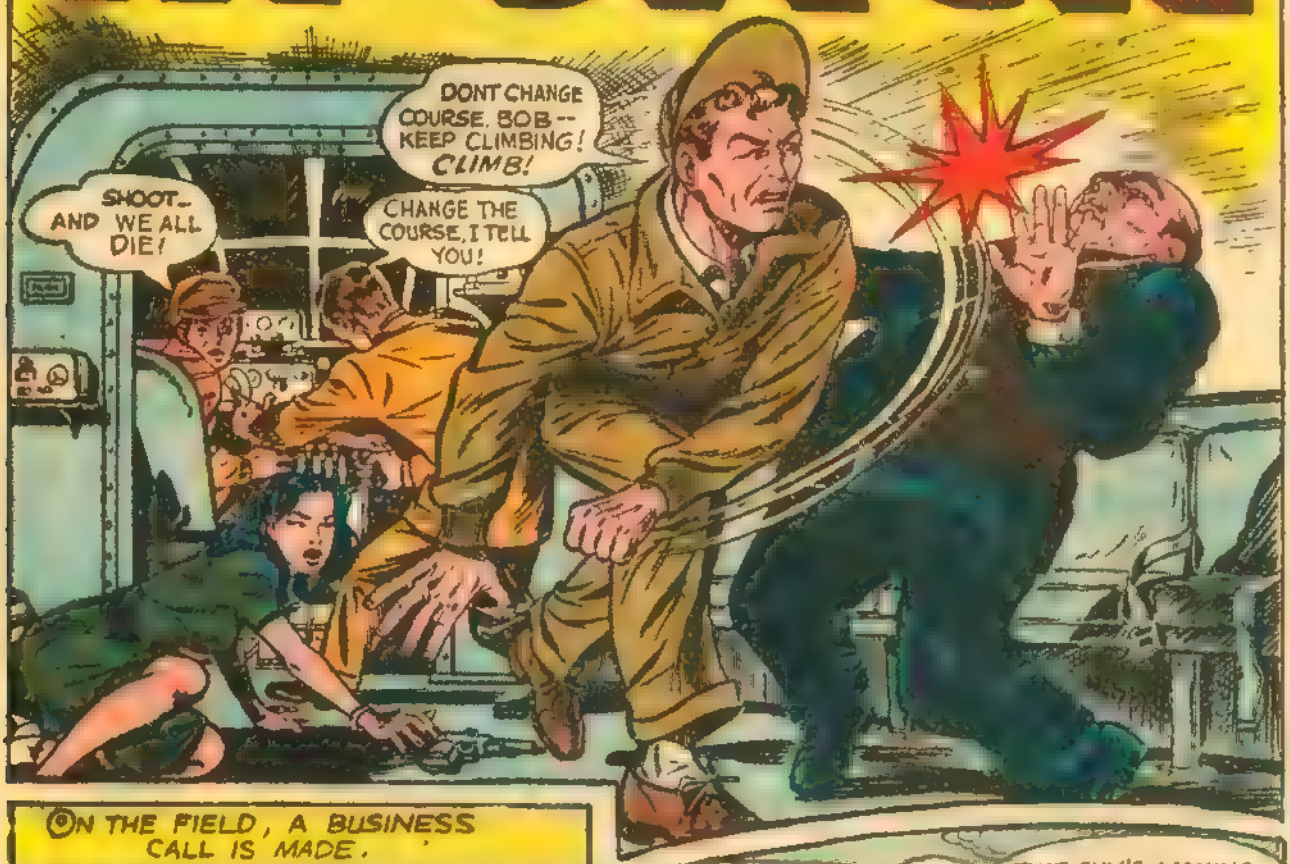
WHAT'S THAT? SOMEBODY'S LAUGH! IT ISN'T TONI, IT'S TOM WITH HIS VENTRILOQUISM! IF I GET MY HANDS ON HIM--
HA! HA! HA!
TRYING TO SCARE TONI TO DEATH WHEN SHE'S ON THE TRAPEZE? THAT WAS YOUR LAST JOKE! I'LL SILENCE YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!
NO! NO! SANDO, IT WAS A JOKE! HELP!
YOU AND YOUR DUMMY WILL NEVER LAUGH AGAIN! DIE! DIE!
AGH! AGH!
QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO GET [illegible] HE KILLS TINY!
YOU OVER-STUFFED HAM-- IF YOU LOVE TONI AS YOU SAY, YOU WOULD TRUST HER!
ONE MORE DISGRACEFUL EXHIBIT LIKE THIS, YOU TWO-IT'LL BE OUT OF SHOW FOR GOOD!
LET ME AT HIM! HE TRIED TO SCARE TONI TO DEATH!
SANDO
WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER FIGHT? YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE FIGHTS! IT'S BAD FOR ALL OF US!
NOW COME ON YOU TWO APOLOGIZE, IF YOU WANT TO BE FRIENDS WITH ME--
YES, I'M SORRY, MY LITTLE ONE. I LOST MY HEAD
IT WAS MY FAULT, I WAS TO BLAME!
HOW LONG WILL THAT TRUCE LAST? YOU KNOW, TONI, ONE OF THESE DAYS, ANOTHER FIGHT WILL THROW YOU SO MUCH OFF YOUR TIMING THAT--
THEY'RE ALL RIGHT! THEY WON'T BOTHER ME--NOT ME!

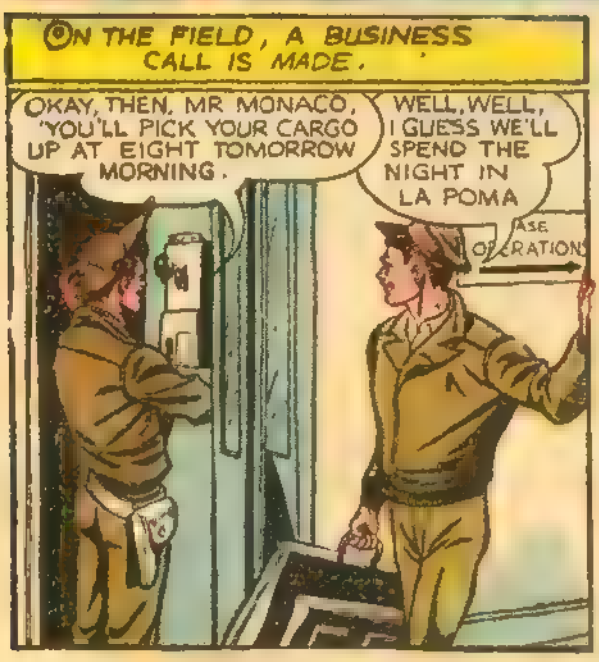
THE PEACE BETWEEN THE TWO RIVALS WAS NOT TO LAST VERY LONG THAT NIGHT AFTER THE SHOW- -
TONI ! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU!
SANDO! I DIDN'T SEE YOU- YOU STARTLED ME --
TONI- I COULD HARDLY WAIT TILL YOU CAME DOWN OFF THAT TRAPEZE -- I M AFRAID SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN THEN, LL LOSE YOJ -- I DON T TRUST THAT TINY TOM -
THAT'S SILLY, SANDO NOTHING WILL HAPPEN. WHAT WOULD TINY SAY IF HE HEARD YOU NOW !
I MUST BE GETTING JITTERY-- YOU SCARED ME, LENNIE -- SHAME ON YOU FOR SPYING.
FIRST IT'S SANDO, THEN TINY TOM -- CAN'T THEY STAY AWAY FROM YOU ?
HERE COMES TINY TOM--- LISTEN YOU, IF I CATCH YOU BOTHERING HER AGAIN I'LL--
O.K., I CAN'T COMPETE AGAINST THE OWNER'S SON!
LENNIE, LEAVE HIM BE!
COME, TONI-- WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THIS OUT--THERE'S THAT STRONG MAN, SANDO- I'LL WARN HIM TOO!
IN THE BACKGROUND JOHN WEST, BIG TOP MANAGER, TAKES IN THE WHOLE THING---
LEAVE TONI ALONE! YOU BOTH ENDANGER HER ACT! WITHOUT HER WE D GO BANKRUPT- AND ANOTHER THING, WE RE GETTING MARRIED!
MAYBE I CAN MAKE TONI MARRY ME ! WE'LL SEE!
SO! THE DALE CIRCUS IS IN BAD SHAPE!
SO THAT'S IT, TONI--- YOU MARRY THE BOSS'S SON AND INTO THE CIRCUS FAMILY MILLIONS. GOOD CATCH BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL OF US WHO STRUGGLED TO KEEP THIS BIG TOP GOING ?
DON'T BE A BORE, JOHN WEST! THIS IS THE REAL THING!

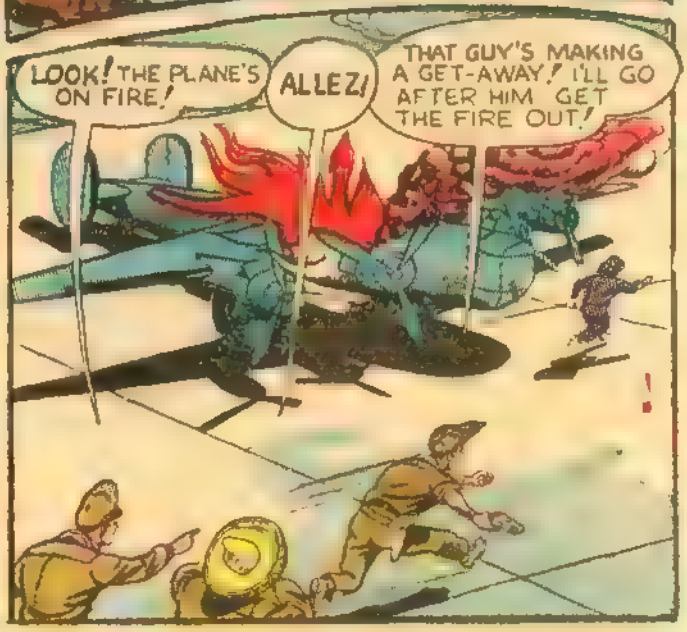
THIS IS A GREAT THING! MY CONGRATULATIONS TONI AND LENNIE! WE SHOULD CELEBRATE!
MANAGER JOHN WEST, ANXIOUS TO KEEP THE FRIENDSHIP OF LENNIE DALE, SON OF CIRCUS OWNER AND HIS FIANCEE, ARRANGES A CELEBRATION
SANDO LOOK AT THE MANAGER PROPOSE A TOAST TO HIM WE HATE!
A CURSE ON HIM WHO STEALS OUR QUEEN!
TO TONI, WITHOUT WHOM THE SHOW COULD NOT GO ON--AND LENNIE!
DAD HAS ALWAYS WANTED ME TO TAKE OVER THE CIRCUS--NOW YOU'LL BE MY PARTNER!
OH, LENNIE, YOU KNOW I LOVE THE CIRCUS! WE'LL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER!
IN THE DARK NIGHT AS LENNIE LEAVES TONI'S SIDE, A BLACK FIGURE STRIKES--
CRACK!
--AND STRONG HANDS GRASP AT LENNIE'S THROAT!
IT HAD TO BE DONE- LENNIE HAD TO GO!

NEXT MORNING, AS TONI STEPS OUT OF HER DRESSING TENT--
TONI! WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHO IS THAT? IS HE DEAD?
EEEEK!
LENNIE!
HELLO POLICE THIS IS JOHN WEST-- COME TO THE FAIRGROUNDS! LENNIE DALE HAS BEEN STRANGLED TO DEATH!
NEWS OF THE CIRCUS OWNER'S MURDER SPREADS LIKE WILD FIRE AMONG THE SHOW PEOPLE---
YOU JEALOUS RAT PUTTING THE BLAME ON ME!
HOW COULD I STRANGLE ANYBODY! YOU'RE THE STRONG MAN OF THE CIRCUS!
YES, I HAVE BIG HANDS THE BETTER TO STRANGLE YOU! WE'LL SEE WHO TONI WILL MARRY NOW!
O.K. DOC TAKE OVER WHILE I SEPARATE THESE TWO LOVING PALS!
THIS LOOKS LIKE AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE, DOC! THE FELLOW WITH THE GIANT HANDS!
WAIT OFFICER TILL I EXAMINE THE BODY!
THE MEDICAL EXAMINER GOT UP AFTER TAKING ONE LOOK AT THE CORPSE
THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN THE MEDIC'S GOING TO NAIL THE KILLER--- OFFICER, GATHER EVERYONE AROUND HERE.
IS EVERYBODY HERE? GOOD! I EXAMINED JUST ONE PART OF THE BODY, THE NECK, FOR STRANGULATION MARKS--- I SAW NONE.
THE ONE WHO PHONED THE POLICE IS THE KILLER! HE SAID THE VICTIM WAS STRANGLED--- HE MAY HAVE BEEN, AN AUTOPSY WILL TELL US THAT. STRANGULATION MARKS AFTER DEATH, DO NO REMAIN--- THERE'S YOUR MAN, OFFICER, MR JOHN WEST!
JOHN WEST? YOU KILLED LENNIE? BUT WHY? WHY?
WITHOUT YOU, THERE WOULDN'T BE A CIRCUS, TONI WE COULDN'T LOSE YOU EVEN TO LENNIE - IT LOOKED SO EASY TO PUT THE BLAME ON THOSE TWO HAMS! O.K. DOC YOU GOT ME!
THE END

# THE BIG PLANE HI-JACK





ON THE FIELD, A BUSINESS CALL IS MADE.
OKAY, THEN, MR MONACO, YOU'LL PICK YOUR CARGO UP AT EIGHT TOMORROW MORNING.
WELL, WELL, I GUESS WE'LL SPEND THE NIGHT IN LA POMA
ASE OPERATION



I'LL GET YOU YET, YOU RAT!
THAT FIXES IT SO HE'LL HAVE TO SHIFT PLANES JUST AS WE WANT HIM TO DO---
LOOK! ROBERTO! JEFF, HE EES GAINING ON HEEM!
NEVER MIND THAT! KEEP THAT EXTINGUISHER ON THE FIRE! WE STILL CAN SHIFT THE CARGO TO OUR SPARE SHIP AND MAKE THE RUN ON SCHEDULE!
WAIT'LL HE COMES AROUND THIS BUILDING... I'LL FIX HIM.
SAND FOR FIRE ONLY
SAND
HA-HA! GOTCHA!
OWW-W I CAN'T SEE!
THAT FIXED BUTTINSKI, JORDAN!
HERE COMES ALFONSE!
GOOD WORK, ALFONSE. NOW THEY'LL HAVE TO CHANGE THEIR CARGO TO THE OTHER PLANE
RIGHT, THAT'S JUST WHAT WE WANT 'EM TO DO

THAT EVENING, AT A GAY NIGHT SPOT IN LA POMA
THAT'S JORDAN, OVER THERE. HIS PLANE IS AT THE FIELD NOW.
AHA, SO! THEN TONIGHT WE MUST GET INTO DER RUBBER CARGO!
RIGHT! THE CONSIGNMENT OF PURE URANIUM IS HIDDEN IN THE PLANE I HAD TO SET FIRE TO THE ORIGINAL PLANE. AS I HID THE URANIUM IN THE OTHER PLANE AND I WANTED THEM TO USE THAT PLANE
MY COUNTRY WANTS TO ATTAIN ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE IN THE WORLD THAT IS WHY WE'RE PUTTING ALL RESOURCES FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN ATOMIC BOMB AT THE DISPOSAL OF YOU GERMAN SCIENTISTS
YAH! VE WILL OBTAIN OUR REVENGE UND CREATE A NEW WORLD RULED BY GERMANY, UND YOUR NATION WILL SHARE IN OUR GLORY!
OFFER HIM A FABULOUS PRICE FOR THE RUBBER CARGO. WE MUST GET OUR HANDS ON THE URANIUM TONIGHT!
YAH I'LL PERSUADE HIM TO SELL TO US
MR JORDAN MY CONCERN WILL OFFER YOU 15,000 PESOS FOR DER RUBBER CARGO YOU HAVE FLOWN HERE
WOW! THAT'S MORE THAN THREE TIMES WHAT WE'RE GETTING SORRY, BUT WE'VE DELIVERED THAT CARGO FOR A CUSTOMER AND WE SIMPLY CAN'T SELL IT
HE REFUSES HERE'S NO WAY TO PERSUADE HIM
I REGRET THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH WILL BEFALL MR JORDAN COME I MUST CHANGE INTO MY WORK CLOTHES. WE HAVE WORK TO DO TONIGHT!

LATER THAT NIGHT, AFTER A GAY EVENING...
BOY, THOSE SENORITAS CAN DANCE, JEFF MY FEET ARE KILLING ME!
STILL THE GREAT PLAYBOY, EH, BOB? THE ARMY TAUGHT YOU A FINE TECHNIQUE WITH THE GALS.
SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR
WELL, SEE WHO IT IS YOU'VE GOT YOUR SHOES ON
KNOCK KNOCK
WHA!
TAKE CARE, MR. JORDAN. THIS IS LOADED DRESS IMMEDIATELY, WE'RE ALL LEAVING FOR THE AIRPORT!
I FORGOT MY PIPE - I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK
NO TRICKS, JORDAN GET INTO THAT CAR!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER THEY ARRIVE AT THE AIRPORT.
LISTEN, SISTER I'M NOT FLYING THIS PLANE UNTIL I CAN MAKE A PRE-FLIGHT. INSPECTION. SO, GO AHEAD AND SHOOT!
ALL RIGHT! ERIC, GO WITH HIM AND SEE THAT HE DOESN'T PULL A FAST ONE!
YAH!
Y'KNOW, SUGAR, YOU COULD BE QUITE LOVEABLE WITHOUT THAT GUN!
MR ATKINSON, YOUR LINE IS AS MEDIOCRE AS YOUR LOOKS!
YAH, YAH, DAT'S GOOD. THE AMERIKANERS THINK DEY'RE SO SMART!
OKAY! WE'RE READY TO TAKE OFF! GET INTO THE SHIP!
GOSH, I THOUGHT SURELY, JEFF WOULD HAVE OUTSMARTED THAT JERRY. WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS.... WHATEVER THEY'RE UP TO!??
4

IN A SHORT WHILE, AS THE PLANE IS GAINING ALTITUDE....
LISTEN, EVERYBODY, PUT ON THE OXYGEN MASKS NEAR YOU. WE HAVE TO CLEAR THESE MOUNTAINS AND THEY'RE ABOVE TEN THOUSAND FEET!
ALL RIGHT, JORDAN, BUT STAY ON THE COURSE I GAVE YOU. I'LL BE WATCHING YOUR EVERY MOVE!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE CULPRITS TAKE ON A STRANGE ATTITUDE.....THEY ARE SLOWLY BECOMING UNCONSCIOUS AS THE PLANE FLIES AT EIGHTEEN THOUSAND FEET.....
ACH--I NEED AIR--I NEED A....
YOU TRICKED ME, JORDAN! YOU TRICKED ME! YOU DOG! YOU DAMAGED THE MASKS! I'LL GET YOU! I'LL GET....
OH NO YOU DON'T!
TAKE THE WHEEL! BOB! I'M FORGETTING MY MANNERS, SISTER! 'CAUSE YOU'RE NO LADY!
START LOSING ALTITUDE, BOB, WHILE I TIE THESE RATS UP!
ROGER!
HOW'D YOU DO IT, JEFF? WHAT GOT 'EM?
OH-JUST A LITTLE TRICK EVEN YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF...I'LL TELL YOU THE BIG SECRET LATER! WE'D BETTER RADIO THE FIELD THAT WE'RE COMING IN AND TO HAVE SOME COPS HANDY!

I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT THOSE RATS WERE UP TO!
GO AHEAD BACK THERE, JEFF, AND SHAKE IT OUT OF THAT GAL. I'LL LAND THE PLANE.
OKAY, BABE! NOW WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE?
--WE HID SOME URANIUM, WHICH WE STOLE FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF NORACAS, IN YOUR PLANE. THESE TWO GERMAN SCIENTISTS WERE GOING TO HELP DEVELOP AN ATOMIC BOMB FOR MY COUNTRY AND MAKE MY NATION THE MOST POWERFUL IN LATIN-AMERICA!
ALL I EVER DID WAS READ ABOUT THE ATOM BOMB IN NEWSPAPERS AND COMIC STRIPS. AND NOW I'M COMING IN CONTACT WITH IT ON EVERY MISSION...
THE PLANE LANDS AND IS GREETED BY THE POLICE....
HERE'S THE AIRPLANE HI-JACKERS! HOPE YOU'LL PUT 'EM AWAY FOR A LONG TIME!
WE WILL, SENORS.
AND HERE'S THE URANIUM FROM THE UNIVERSITY.
THE NEXT MORNING, JEFF AND BOB COMPLETE THEIR BUSINESS TRANSACTION WITH MR. MONACO...
HERE YOU ARE, MR. JORDAN, 2,500 PESOS FOR THE SAFE DELIVERY OF MY RUBBER CARGO.
THANKS, MR MONACO, IF EVER WE CAN BE OF FUTURE SERVICE TO YOU, LET US KNOW.
WELL, WE'LL BE BACK AT OUR HOME FIELD IN A FEW MINUTES, BOB.
YEAH, IT LOOKS MIGHTY PURTY... I'M STILL WAITING TO HEAR HOW YOU DID IT, JEFF!
AS THE PLANE TAXIED IN ---
OH THAT! IT WAS EASY.. I PUNCHED A FEW HOLES IN THEIR MASKS, WHEN I GOT ABOARD TO MAKE THE PRE-FLIGHT TESTS... THINK THEY'LL SHOOT THE BABE?
WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY DO TO PEOPLE WHO SWIPE ATOM BOMB MATERIALS DOWN THERE?
THE END.

# How Clever Are You? — by Ken Brickley

ONE FINE SUMMER MORNING, MR. SOURGRASS AND HIS WIFE SET OUT IN A ROWBOAT TO GO FISHING FOR THE DAY.

THAT AFTERNOON MR. SOURGRASS CAME ASHORE VERY EXCITED AND REPORTED THAT HIS WIFE HAD FALLEN OVERBOARD AND DROWNED. NEITHER, HE NOR HIS WIFE COULD SWIM, AND HE TRIED TO REACH HER WITH HIS HAND, BUT SHE WAS JUST OUT OF HIS ARM REACH. INSPECTOR SCRAB ARRESTED SOURGRASS ON SUSPICION OF MURDER. SCRAB BELIEVED SOURGRASS COULD HAD RESCUED HIS WIFE IF HE WANTED TO. WHAT LED HIM TO THIS CONCLUSION?

TWO DETECTIVES WERE AFTER A MAN ABOUT 27 YEARS OLD, WHO WAS WEARING OVERALLS. THEY CHASED HIM INTO A VACANT HOUSE.

A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY SAW A MUCH OLDER MAN DRESSED IN A SUIT, COME OUT OF THE HOUSE. ONE OF THE DETECTIVES APPROACHED THE STRANGER AND ARRESTED HIM. UPON SEARCHING HIM THEY FOUND A WOMAN'S COMPACT AND AN EYEBROW PENCIL IN HIS POCKET. HOW DID THE DETECTIVE KNOW THAT THE STRANGER WAS THE MAN THEY WANTED?

*ANSWER UPSIDE DOWN*

ANSWER — SOURGRASS SAID HIS WIFE WAS **JUST OUT OF HIS ARM REACH.** SO THE INSPECTOR KNEW SOURGRASS COULD HAVE USED HIS FISHING POLE OR A BOAT OAR TO RESCUE HER IF HE WANTED TO. SOURGRASS, LATER CONFESSED HE PUSHED HER OVERBOARD BECAUSE SHE WOULD NOT GIVE HIM A DIVORCE.

ANSWER—THE FUGITIVE HAD ON A SUIT UNDER HIS OVERALLS. WHEN HE ENTERED THE HOUSE HE SLIPPED OFF THE OVERALLS AND APPLIED SOME FACE POWDER AND EYEBROW PENCIL TO HIS FACE TO MAKE HIM APPEAR MUCH OLDER. HOWEVER ONE OF THE DETECTIVES WAS ABLE TO SEE THROUGH HIS DISGUISE.

THE SHOW'S ON, GANG!

# New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

## LIGHTS UP!

### LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- . ID . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!

ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

## ONLY $1.98

COMPLETE WITH BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see — you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A HONEY — IN EVERY DETAIL!** You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4¾" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

## . . . BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

### NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last word in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. 28 BB New York 2, N. Y.

**SEAGEE CO.** Dept. 28 BB
**2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.**

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____
*(Please Print Plainly)*

Street _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

☐ I enclose $1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.